



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

the first who came to Ireland was Walter Colley, who migrated hither in the reign of King Henry VIII, and he settling at Kilkenny, was in the year 1537 appointed Solicitor-General, which office he resigned in 1546, but was soon after created Surveyor-General of Ireland. Richard Colley with the estate also took the name of Wesley or Wellesley, and was created Baron of Mornington in the year 1746. His son and successor Garret Colley Wellesley was on the 20th of October 1760 created Viscount Wellesley of Dangan, and Earl of Mornington. This nobleman died on the 22d of May 1781, leaving seven sons, the eldest of whom, Richard, second Earl of Mornington, was created Marquis Wellesley on the 2d day of December 1799; and the fifth was no less a person than the present Arthur Duke of Wellington, who was born (an extraordinary coincidence) in the same year which gave birth to Napoleon Bonaparte. In the year 1788 he received his first commission as ensign in the 73d regiment, and after going through the regular gradation he was presented with the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 33d regiment in 1793. Step by step he advanced, till, raised to the high pinnacle of rank on which he now stands. He commanded the British army in twenty-eight victoriously fought fields, the final one of which was the glorious battle of Waterloo, which victory added the last and most illustrious military laurel to the wreath which crowns his noble brow. In the year 1811 he was made Earl and Marquis of Wellington, and Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo and Vittoria, and in 1814 he was created Duke of Wellington and Marquis of Douro, and received from Parliament a grant of £300,000. All subjects bordering on religion or politics being forbidden in our publication, we must say nothing of the subsequent life of the Duke of Wellington; and shall only add, that there exists not an unprejudiced man in Ireland of any sect or party who does not feel a pride in the honour of being a fellow-countryman of the hero of Waterloo.

While the most eminent descendant of its ancient noble owners was thus progressing to distinction and renown, Dangan Castle was as fast hastening to decay and desolation; it was sold by the Marquis Wellesley to Colonel Burrows, by whom it was underlet to Mr Roger O'Connor, during whose tenancy it was completely destroyed by a conflagration, not supposed to be accidental; and if report be true, it was converted (at no distant period) into a place of concealment for plunder, and a resort of thieves. J. G. S. P.

A LEGEND OF CLARE,

BY J. GERAGHTY M'TEAGUE.

THE author of a "Tour in Connaught" has some curious and interesting remarks and notes concerning the almost universal belief of the inhabitants of the West, that not only in former ages was this our native island much more extensive than at present, but that the land of ERIN itself is but a mere corner, a little *slice* as it were of that which was once an immense continent. He adduces in support of this, and gravely and seriously too, by the bye, many most ingenious proofs; nor does he at all discard or hesitate to bring forward the more "circumstantial evidence" of tradition to his aid. He relates too the popular story about O'Brassil, or the Enchanted Island, and another of the island of the "Bo-Fin," (or "Fiune,") the *fair cow*, which had lain beneath the waves spell-bound.

There are points in which all these traditions concerning the islands undoubtedly agree; but there is one among them remarkable on many accounts, which has excited my own curiosity more than once; and as it certainly confirms rather than invalidates the opinions of "C. O." on the subject, I will relate it, perhaps with less hesitation.

But, oh ye geologists! who by a single word (if ye should so will it) can overset all our theories—who have but to say "it is impossible," when all our speculations, nay, even our firmly rooted belief, would be scattered, like the Atlantic wave, against the cliffs of Moher—oh, spare us! Let not the delicious, the hallowed lands of "legendary lore" be invaded by one of you heartless monsters! Let us but picture to ourselves the sturdy figure of this investigator of pyrogenous and heterogeneous stratifications, hammer in hand, attending to the account of some magic island or delightful land which once stretched out far and wide before him; he listens with apparent earnestness. But beware!—suddenly he is seen to stoop; he cracks off with his execrable instrument a little "specimen" of some overhanging romantic-looking cliff; anon he shakes his head portentously, and out comes an awful

volley from his well-stored vocabulary of Greek derivatives, and Latin or German jaw-smashers. Out upon him, the horrid creature!

Our tale, nevertheless, may be as *geologically true* as the strictest of the Bucklands or Sedgwicks could desire; we hope so too; but may he, if one *should* do us the honour to read our story, at least dissemble for the nonce, and *pretend* to be as ignorant and as happy as ourselves!

The land of Kylestafeen extended in former ages more than a hundred miles to the westward of the present boundary of Ireland. There was also contiguous to it, to the northward, the far-famed island of O'Brassil, besides others of inferior note. But Kylestafeen surpassed them all, not only in superior extent, but in the fertility of its soil, and in the number and capacity of its magnificent harbours; near which, under the wise and gentle sway of its beneficent monarch, flourished splendid cities. Its lovely valleys were watered by the clearest rivers, and in the grandeur of its mountains, and the beauty of its plains, by no other country under heaven could it be rivalled.

We have mentioned the character of that king who at the period of our tale ruled in Kylestafeen. At this time King Loydann was extremely old, and wished to relieve his mind, for the remainder of his life, from the cares of royalty. So, on a certain day, he made a formal abdication of his throne and power to his two sons, pursuant to an old-established law in that country, which ordained, that in case the king should leave behind but two sons, they were to reign conjointly.

But ere the king finally gave up the important charge to his sons, he called them to him, and bound them by the most solemn vows to conform to the following promise:—That if at any moment one of them should by any act of his own incur the displeasure of his brother, he should at once be chained, and his sides pierced by two daggers. "This dreadful oath I now exact from you, my sons," said Loydann, "in order that you never may be liable to the slightest disagreement, for the remembrance of it will for ever hold you both united; and if, in whatsoever you do, you consult each other, the most remote possibility of such a contingency will be avoided."

Though the strict propriety of this act may be considered questionable, Loydann did it from the best motives; and this too will be apparent, if we consider the respective characters of the two brothers Fahune and Niall; the elder, Fahune, being of a remarkably fiery, and, as his father feared, unforgiving disposition, whilst the younger was famed for gentleness; both were brave and impetuous, yet of dissimilar tempers and habits.

Now, at the time this act of abdication was performed, a series of rejoicings took place at the court of Kylestafeen, which were conducted with great magnificence. The days were spent in the manly recreations of the chase, while the dance and the strains of music enlivened their evenings' entertainments.

Amidst a number of lovely forms which graced the court of Kylestafeen, the daughter of the Prince of O'Brassil was peculiarly conspicuous. The inhabitants of both countries had ever been on the most amicable terms, and by the request of Teartha, the young and graceful sister of the princes, Corgeana had been invited to pass the pleasant hours of summer at Kylestafeen, and to be present at the festivities.

Corgeana was dangerously beautiful. Both brothers had frequent opportunities of converse with her; both admired her, struck with the elegance of her manners, and her many accomplishments; each, in short, wished her for his own! Yet it was only towards Niall, that, on her part, a corresponding affection existed: the imperious spirit of Fahune was uncongenial to her. But unfortunately Fahune thought even now that she was his, and that he had but to signify his intention, and her compliance would succeed, while at the same time she had already listened to and favourably received the solicitations of his brother!

But now the dreary winter approached, and the time came when Corgeana should depart from the hospitable shores of Kylestafeen. Their galleys were prepared, and all being ready, they took their farewell of her, and she sailed for the island of O'Brassil.

Not many days elapsed, ere from the distant horizon a vessel was seen approaching the harbour. It anchored, and bore the distressing intelligence that a horde of Northern pirates were daily expected to land at the island of O'Brassil, while the messenger delivered a most earnest request that both the

brothers would immediately send assistance to his master, and help to drive away the treacherous Northmen from their coasts.

But this duty the brothers resolved to execute themselves. Accordingly, the numerous galleys of war belonging to Kylestafeen were speedily equipped, and the full number of warriors allotted to each. The evening before the fleet set sail, a conference was held, and the plans of action arranged, after which the brothers separated, each to his galley; for it had been determined at the council that the larger number of the ships, commanded by Fahune, should scour the seas in pursuit of the enemy, while that portion headed by Niall should proceed at once to O'Brassil, to join forces with the king. This duty too did Niall undertake the more willingly, as it gave him hope of a more speedy meeting with his beloved Corgeana.

On the third day after the last-mentioned division of the fleet had sailed from Kylestafeen, two strange sails were plainly observed from the deck of Niall's galley, and it soon became too evident that the ship in which Corgeana had sailed had been taken by the Northmen, and that she was even now in their power; for one of the vessels was hers, and the other was also well known, for it was the favourite galley of Froskos, the most rapacious and cruel savage of them all!

Fearful was the suspense and the agony of mind which Niall endured, till he had overtaken this hostile ship and its prize; for though sure of success, and that the pirate would be captured, yet he knew not what the crafty chief might have already perpetrated. However, having surrounded them with his vessels, the pirates at once perceived the futility of resistance, and accordingly surrendered to Niall. And who can imagine the mutual joy experienced by these lovers, when they saw that each was safe! In triumph did Niall at once make sail for O'Brassil, and land with his precious freight, where he was received by the old king with every demonstration of gratitude and joy.

"And why," said Niall to Corgeana, "why now should we delay our nuptials? Shall they not at once be celebrated? Oh, return with me as one of the Queens of Kylestafeen!"

But the king her father would have overruled this, in his opinion, too precipitate determination, and would at least have waited till the arrival of Fahune and his squadron; but Niall would not listen, and it was then determined that if Fahune made not his appearance for the space of seven days, the marriage should take place.

"And, surely," said Niall to himself, "the vow which I have made can never interfere with this! How could my marriage, at which he would rejoice, possibly be displeasing to him? When he considers the circumstances of the case, he will, even though I do infringe the strict letter of the oath in not consulting him, cheerfully forgive me."

Seven days had now passed, but Fahune was even then chasing and capturing numerous fleets of pirates. At length the day arrived, and the ceremonies of marriage were performed amidst banquetings and joyful celebrations.

And now it was judged prudent that they should set sail for Kylestafeen; and a great feast having been given to Niall and Corgeana, and to the whole of the squadron, they took their departure and put to sea.

O'Brassil was but three short days' sail at farthest from Kylestafeen, and they hoped soon to reach their destination, when lo! a dreadful tempest suddenly sprang up, which dispersed the fleet in all directions. The most expert seamen were completely foiled in all their efforts; the vessel laboured and creaked as if she would each moment fall to pieces, and was driven, being quite unmanageable, far away out to sea, and for many days and nights were they drifted onwards with irresistible fury.

But at length the storm abated, the waves gradually subsided, and after another day the wind was completely gone. The gallant vessel, which had heretofore been impelled with terrific violence, now, with all her sails unfurled, hardly crept along; and the men, who had been almost all constantly employed during the hurricane, had retired below.

And now the grey dawn was just apparent in the east, when all on board were suddenly aroused by the cries of the watchman, who proclaimed that a vessel with the flag of Kylestafeen was rapidly approaching, and would almost immediately be alongside. Niall arose, and looking forth, saw with the rest that it was the galley of his brother, while he fondly anticipated a joyful reunion with Fahune, when they could relate their several exploits and dangers. But how were these hopes about to be realised?

The vessels neared each other, and greetings were exchanged. A boat was now lowered from the side of Niall's galley, and he went on board that of his brother. After some inquiries and salutations, Fahune questioned Niall concerning his voyages and adventures. This Niall commenced, and Fahune seemed to rejoice, and a smile, as if of triumph, crossed his features when he learnt that Corgeana was safe; but when Niall proceeded, and told of the nuptials, the countenance of Fahune became as pale as death.

"Miserable man," said he, "prepare to die! You have broken through our solemn vow; you have taken this step without having consulted me; this alone would have condemned you, but to this dreadful dereliction you have added a still greater insult—you have supplanted me in the affections of one to whom I was engaged. But she"—he could utter no more; he was convulsed with passion. Niall was now about to reply, but Fahune shouted, "Let him be gagged! Let me not hear a word from him whom once I loved; for the sound of his voice might tempt me to relent. Executioners, at once bind him to the mast." It was done; and in another moment, by Fahune's directions, his sides were deeply pierced by the fatal daggers!

When the dreadful tale was related to the bereaved Corgeana, she lay for some hours insensible; but when at length she awoke, it was but to be compelled to endure still greater miseries. The sentence of Fahune was at once put in execution, namely, that Corgeana should be turned adrift in a small open boat, with a scanty supply of food, and left to perish, while the body of her husband should also be cast along with her into the boat.

But whilst the implacable Fahune was sailing towards the shores of Kylestafeen, and even now repented of his cruelty and rashness to those who were once beloved by him, Corgeana was wafted over the trackless ocean in her frail bark, alone, and wretched; yet still that bark was guided by myriads of fairy beings, who were even then conducting her to a haven of safety.

When the seventh weary night had passed, and daylight appeared, Corgeana found herself quite close to shore, but in what part of the world she was, she knew not. Her little boat was quietly drifted to the beach. She landed, and walking forth, soon found herself in view of a palace of magnificent appearance, to which she bent her steps.

Now, on entering this beautiful structure, which appeared to be ornamented with the utmost splendour, she was surprised exceedingly when she heard sounds of lamentation and loud wailing issuing from the apartments and halls. Advancing, she discovered an immense multitude of chieftains of noble mien, together with a number of youths and attendants, who, wearied, exhausted, and covered with wounds, reclined on couches; many, who seemed more severely hurt, uttering piercing shrieks, while others appeared binding up their wounds, and administering the comforts of medicine.

She watched these proceedings, unnoticed, for some time, and her attention was more particularly attracted to one venerable personage, who, going round to all, and bathing their wounds, at once relieved them from their agony; and, strange to say, she remarked many who appeared to possess but few signs even of existence, at once restored to the use of their faculties.

At length she was perceived by him who was apparently a king or chief, who demanded her history, and an account of her adventures. This she commenced. Her great beauty, the violence of her grief, as well as the interest which the relation of her sufferings occasioned, caused the emperor (for so he was) to take compassion on her, and he listened intently to her narrative. But when Corgeana came to that part of her mournful tale in which she spoke of the cruelty of Fahune, and how her husband had been, as she supposed, inhumanly murdered, the emperor manifested signs of extreme impatience, and summoning his attendants—"Hasten," said he, "to the beach, and bring hither, without delay, the body of the prince." This was at once done, and they returned, bearing Niall in their arms.

"And now," said the emperor, "we will leave him with our venerable physician, whose skill was never known to fail, and whom we have remembered often to recall to existence many who have been considered for ever as lost to us."

When the physician was taken to the apartment in which the body of Niall lay, a smile of hope might have been seen upon his countenance, and he proceeded to exert his utmost skill. After he had himself applied his far-famed remedies,

he left for a moment, to deliver his opinion to the emperor his master.

But in that moment had Niall recovered! Faintly and slowly his eyes opened, and he looked around. But what were then his thoughts? Remembering the dreadful scene in the galley of his brother, even then he saw the executioners plunging the daggers into his side, and the words of Fahune still rang in his ears: again he looked, and thought he was in another world—that region, where he had often heard the spirits of the brave would congregate. And then of Corgeana!—but was this her voice he heard? Was she too murdered?

The physician now entered, and all was soon explained; his great skill had indeed been successful. Who can picture the joy experienced by Niall and Corgeana when they found themselves so unexpectedly re-united!

The recovery of Niall was exceedingly rapid; he frequently expressed his gratitude to his benefactors, and on one particular day, being engaged in conversation with the emperor, he ventured to address him thus. "How comes it, oh king, that you, the undisputed sovereign of this magnificent and powerful empire, are so frequently dejected, and that the nobles of your court give way to melancholy in your presence? Your very musicians appear to have forgotten the strains of gladness, and the raven of despondency seems to overshadow the royal court with its foreboding wings! Is it thus, oh king? No; it must be my own gloomy thoughts which possess me, and render me insensible to happiness!"

"That which you now remark is but too true," said the emperor; "how can we be otherwise, when our dominions though extensive, and our army though possessed of courage, are each moment assailed by a cruel and still more powerful enemy, who live in an adjoining island, and against whom we have never been able to obtain any decided victory? If we attack them, we are repulsed with disgrace and shame, while they are continually making inroads, and devastating our beautiful country. Even the day which brought you in so extraordinary a manner to our shores, was the last of our encounters with them, and on which most of our bravest commanders were dreadfully mangled by our cruel opponents, and I myself was wounded; to-morrow, however, we intend to renew our armaments against them; but, alas! all will be unavailing, for ever since I came to this throne, and even in the reign of my father, have we been thus oppressed. It is true, we possess an elixir of inestimable value, the effect of which is almost immediately to heal the most dreadful wound, and to which, applied by our chief physician, you doubtless owe the preservation of your life; but on the other hand, our enemies have on their side auxiliaries still more powerful; so that, while we are all but invulnerable, they are completely invincible; and though our commanders are preparing with all possible alacrity, and seem confident of success, I for one already too well know the result!"

"Nay, speak not thus, oh king!" said Niall; "I myself, for I am now recovered, will accompany you; I perhaps was accounted brave in my own country, and will not spare my blood, if occasion require, in your service; allow me then a number of men under my command, and, with the help of the gods, we will certainly cause these formidable foes to yield to our superior prowess."

"Niall," answered the emperor, "your words are as those of the brave; but did you know, or could you catch a single glance of our enemy, your utterance would be frozen with dread; horror would be on your countenance; and if you were not immediately overwhelmed, you would turn and fly as we do."

"And wherefore, oh king?" said Niall.

"Listen!" said the emperor. "These giants, for they far exceed us in ordinary stature, are commanded by one who excels them in even a greater degree in height, in strength, and in the awfulness of his appearance: he marches at the head of the army to the accompaniment of music—oh, accursed music!—the first sound of which, though at a distance, has the dreadful effect of at once stupifying us, and causing an unnatural drowsiness to come over us; we fall, and he, marching up with his men, cuts us to pieces like sheep. But, oh Niall! how can I describe or give you the slightest idea of the horrid hag, this giant's wife? One sight of her is sufficient to unnerve the most courageous mortal; afar off she is seen; her eyes are as glowing coals; her feet like enormous ploughshares, tearing up the earth before her as she walks; whilst her hair, trailing far behind her, is like as many harrows fol-

lowing in her track; lurid flames issue from her nostrils! Frightful indeed is she to behold; but should a glance of her accursed eye meet yours, no earthly power could for an instant save you from immediate death! She is followed by a horde of demons, who I hear are her children, imps that spare no life, but revel in slaughter and mischief. Such are our enemies!"

"Your description horrifies me," said Niall; "nevertheless, let us summon all our energies to the encounter, and I trust I may bear my part in the struggle with fortitude."

And now the day arrived when this resolution was to be tested. The emperor himself took Niall into his armoury, and bade him choose any kind of weapon which that place could afford; but of all the implements of war collected there, none seemed to suit his purpose but one small sword with a sharp point, with which having equipped himself, he prepared for the engagement. They embarked, and soon reached the hostile island, where immediately the giants collected, headed by the chief and his wife, who now seemed invested with double their usual horrors. As they advanced, his friend the emperor frequently called on Niall to retrace his steps, but this he firmly refused. The fatal languor was now fast overcoming him, but, drawing his small sword, he continued pricking himself in various places, which prevented his sinking altogether to sleep. Meantime the giant came on, trusting as usual for conquest to the power of the music; however, he was for once mistaken. Feigning sleep, Niall lay still, in the best position for his purpose; and when the giant, confidently marching on, had come up, and stooped over to kill him, he seized his opportunity, and at one blow severed his head from his shoulders.

Fortunately this brave act was not witnessed by the old hag his wife, who had delayed by the way; it is enough for us to know that the same success here also attended him, and she fell a sacrifice also to his valour. Nor was this all—the emperor came up with his army, and an easy conquest soon decided the long-continued hostilities. Niall was immediately given by the emperor the sovereignty of the island, and took possession of the giant's palaces, where he and Corgeana long lived in mutual love, and, crowned with the enjoyment of all happiness, dwelt in perfect amity with the emperor their benefactor. He built an immense number of the most beautiful galleys, and maintained an army disciplined and instructed completely in all the arts of war.

But we must now hasten to the conclusion of our legend, though volumes might be filled by a recital of the well-remembered acts of Niall the good, and Corgeana his queen.

They held, then, frequent conversations about Fahune, and were accustomed to recount the many dangers they had experienced, when on a certain day Niall appeared to be engaged in the deliberation of some affair of more than ordinary importance. His brows were bent as in earnest thought, and even tears were observed on his cheek. This was remarked by Corgeana, who gently demanded what new design he was arranging.

To this Niall answered, "Oh, Corgeana, my awful parting from Fahune my brother frequently recurs to me; I begin to fear his life is most unhappy; he thinks me dead, and the injustice of his mad decree must certainly be fearfully apparent to him also; it is therefore my intention, shouldst thou approve of it, to prepare an expedition to revisit the land of my birth, my beloved Kylesstafeen; and wouldst thou not also wish to see again the lovely O'Brassil? I am now powerful, and would go attended by a large fleet; so that if Fahune should still be vindictive, I might be supported; nor should I dread his power, or that of any other monarch."

To this Corgeana most willingly assented, and resolved herself to accompany the squadron, which having been made ready in an extraordinarily short space of time, put to sea.

Niall well remembered the direction that dreadful tempest had taken which had conveyed him to Fahune, and accordingly sailed onwards. Not many days elapsed ere the men reported with joy that land was in sight. It was true; and all assembled on the decks of their galleys, hailing with shouts their near approach.

But lo! what is that which now rivets their attention, and causes them to stand like men bereft of reason, gazing on the mountains of Kylesstafeen? And nearer and nearer they approached, and fixed their eyes in silent wonder on the awful scene; those hills, the shapes of which were at once recognized by Niall and Corgeana, were too apparently sinking into the ocean! Still nearer they sailed, and the noble bay at the head of which was the city, lay before them.

They came close to the shore, and now was their astonishment intense. That beautiful valley through which the gentle stream took its course was quickly enlarging its boundaries; and while it sank, the waters from the ocean were madly rushing in, causing devastation to all. Hundreds of human forms were wildly rushing to and fro, and those who were able to reach the shore screamed loudly for assistance, or for boats to carry them away; while all who could not profit by this mode of escape climbed the summits of the highest mountains, and escaped immediate death, only to endure a protraction of their sufferings.

In the midst of this confusion and these dreadful scenes, many galleys, densely crowded with beings, put off from shore. Niall anxiously looked for his brother; nor was he destined to be disappointed, for Fahne, observing the strange ships, immediately directed his course to the galley of his brother, where a reconciliation having at once taken place, all re-assembled to witness the consummation of this most dreadful catastrophe.

Gradually, yet continually, did the waves close round thousands of the helpless inhabitants, and innumerable multitudes of animals were buried beneath them, while all who could avail themselves of boats took to the sea, though these could hardly tell in what direction to proceed, and hundreds miserably perished.

Soon did night veil the awful vision from the eyes of the fleet; and next morning, a wild waste of turbulent waters was all that could be perceived where once was the glorious and happy land of Kylestafeen, and a long dark line of frowning cliffs was the only boundary visible in the direction of that lovely country.

We may add the general belief, that a remnant of those saved were cast on shore, and from their descendants we still can learn even the modes of government once practised in Kylestafeen.

But where *now* is Kylestafeen?

It remains under a spell—its inhabitants are still employed in constructing fleets and armaments; even now,

"In the wave beneath you shining,"

the "towers of other days" may yet be seen. Every seven years, "this delightful land" may be seen in all its primeval beauty, as it appeared before it sank; and if, reader, at that critical moment when all smileth before thee, thou canst drop but one particle of earth on any portion of it, it will be for ever re-established.

And this, reader, is the legend of Kylestafeen, from which thou canst draw thine own moral.

ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN.

Third Article.

SURNAMES AND FAMILY NAMES.

DR KEATING and his cotemporary Gratianus Lucius have asserted, on the authority of the ancient Irish MSS, that family names or surnames first became hereditary in Ireland in the reign of Brian Boru, in the beginning of the eleventh century. "He [King Brian] was the first who ordained that a certain surname should be imposed on every tribe, in order that it might be the more easily known from what stock each family was descended; for previous to his time surnames were unfixed, and were discoverable only by tracing a long line of ancestors."

This assertion has been repeated by all the subsequent Irish writers, but none of them have attempted either to question or prove it. It seems, however, generally true, and also that in the formation of surnames at this period, the several families adopted the names of their fathers or grandfathers. It would appear, however, from some pedigrees of acknowledged authenticity, that in a few instances the surnames were assumed from remoter ancestors, as in the families of the O'Dowds and O'Kevans in Tireragh, in which the chiefs from whom the names were taken were cotemporary with St Gerald of Mayo, who flourished in the seventh century, and in the family of O'Neill, who took their surname from Niall Glunduv, monarch of Ireland, who was killed by the Danes in the year 919. It is obvious also from the authentic Irish annals, that there are many Irish surnames now in use which were called after ancestors who flourished long subsequent to the reign of Brian. But it is a fact that the

greater number of the more distinguished Irish family names were assumed from ancestors who were cotemporary with this monarch; and though we have as yet discovered no older authority than Dr Keating for showing that surnames were first established in Ireland in his time, I am satisfied that authorities which would prove it, existed in the time of Keating, for that writer, though a very injudicious critic, was nevertheless a faithful compiler. Until, however, we discover a genuine copy of the edict published by the monarch Brian, commanding that the surnames to be borne should be taken from the chieftains who flourished in his own time,—if such edict were ever promulgated, we must be content to relinquish the prospect of a final decision of this question. At the same time it must be conceded that the evidences furnished by the authentic annals and pedigrees in behalf of it are very strong, and may in themselves be regarded as almost sufficient to settle the question.

It appears, then, from the most authentic annals and pedigrees, that the O'Briens of Thomond took their name from the monarch Brian Boru himself, who was killed in the battle of Clontarf in the year 1014, and that family names were formed either from the names of the chieftains who fought in that battle, or from those of their sons or fathers:—thus, the O'Mahonys of Desmond are named from Mahon, the son of Kian, King of Desmond, who fought in this battle; the O'Donohoes from Donogh, whose father Donnell was the second in command over the Eugénian forces in the same battle; the O'Donovans from Donovan, whose son Cathal commanded the Hy-Cairbre in the same battle; the O'Dugans of Fermoy from Dugan, whose son Gevenagh commanded the race of the Druid Mogh Roth in the same battle; the O'Faelans or Phelans of the Desies from Faolan, whose son Mothla commanded the Desii of Munster in the same memorable battle, as were the Mac Murroghs of Leinster from Murrogh, whose son Maelmordha, King of Leinster, assisted the Danes against the Irish monarch.

The Mac Carthys of Desmond are named from Carrthach (the son of Saerbheathach), who is mentioned in the Irish annals as having fought the battle of Maelkenny, on the river Suir, in the year 1043; the O'Conors of Connaught from Conor or Concovar, who died in the year 971; the O'Melaghlin of Meath, the chiefs of the southern Hy-Niall race, from Maelseachlainn or Malachy II, monarch of Ireland, who died in the year 1022; the Magillpatrick or Fitzpatrick of Ossory from Gillapatrik, chief of Ossory, who was killed in the year 995, &c. &c.

From these and other evidences furnished by the Irish annals, it appears certain then that the most distinguished surnames in Ireland were taken from the names of progenitors who flourished in the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century. But there are instances to be met with of surnames which had been established in the tenth century having been changed to others which were called after progenitors who flourished at a later period, as O'Malroni of Moylurg, to Mac Dermot, and O'Laughlin, head of the northern Hy-Niall, to Mac Laughlin. There are also instances of minor branches of great families having changed the original prefix O to Mac and Mac O, or Mac I, when they had acquired new territories and become independent families, as O'Brien to Mac I-Brien, and Mac Brien in the instances of Mac I-Brien Arra, Mac Brien Coonagh, and Mac Brien Aharlagh, all off-shoots from the great family of Thomond; and O'Neill to Mac I-Neill Boy, in the instance of the branch of the great Tyrone family who settled in the fourteenth century eastward of the river Bann, in the counties of Down and Antrim.

This is all that we know of the origin of Irish surnames. Sir James Ware agrees with Keating and Gratianus Lucius that surnames became hereditary in Ireland in the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century; and adds, that they became hereditary in England and France about the same period.

Irish family names or surnames then are formed from the genitive case of names of ancestors who flourished in the tenth century, and at later periods, by prefixing O, or Mac, as O'Neill, Mac Carthy, &c. O literally signifies grandson, in which sense it is still spoken in the province of Ulster; and in a more enlarged sense any male descendant, like the Latin *nepos*: and Mac literally signifies son, and in a more extended sense any male descendant. The former word is translated *nepos* by all the writers of Irish history in the Latin language, from Adamnan to Dr O'Conor, and the latter, *filius*; from which it is clear that it is synonymous with the Welsh prefix *Map* (abbreviated to *Ap*), and with the Anglo-Norman *Fitz*,

* Translation from original Latin MS.